

GRIP OF THE SHEATH

New Paris Fad Is Making Its Way Here.

SKIRTS CLINGING CLOSELY

And Petticoats More and More in Disrepute.

Directorate Modes Likely to Dominate Autumn Fashions—But Classic Lines Are Not Easy for the Average Woman to Achieve—Summer Frocks of Charming Simplicity—A Group of Typical Costumes—Stripes Holding Their Own—Ultra Modish Gowns Beautiful, but Require Skill in Making and Wearing.

Little by little the clinging sheath frocks that provided the sensational toilets for the Paris season are finding acceptance on this side of the water, and though no such extremes as are described in advice

ternity. Only for the woman of litho, slender figure is the Tanagra figure or Renaissance straightness of line an aesthetic possibility, and the woman who has this figure by nature or is willing and able to obtain it through mortification of the flesh is the exception.

The average woman, which means the vast majority of womankind, will cling to her corsets and avoid the extreme classic, but even the average woman will make more or less effort this summer to suppress her hip and bust curves and achieve some semblance of straight slimness.

That petticoats are more and more in disrepute is evident wherever fashionable women are gathered together, and long frocks clinging closely round the hips and falling quite limply round the feet no longer look odd to us. Some of these skirts are revealing to a degree likely to shock the puritanical, but others, though limp, escape this danger by a certain fluent grace of soft folds.

Even the short skirts no longer stand out crisply round the bottom. Instead they fall straight and somewhat skimpily in the latest Parisian models; and it may be said that the results seem far from admirable; in fact, save on the slenderest of figures the long short skirt is hardly tolerable. However closely it may cling toward its top, a certain amount of bouffancy at bottom seems essential to its grace; and fortunately that average woman already cited as maintaining the balance of power retains her petticoat with her

One morning last week a group of six girls stood on the veranda of a famous country club watching a tennis game. Three of the six were popular New York debutantes last season, one was a bride at a fashionable wedding last spring and the two others were strangers to us, but were distinctly in the picture. Every one of the six wore a frock of the simplest type, and yet the group fairly radiated smartness.

In the first place figure and corset were good in each case. Next hat, shoes, parasol, every accessory was up to date, fresh, attractive. And then the frocks themselves were pretty, dainty, immaculate, well cut, well finished, well chosen as to material.

One was of a moderately sheer white stuff which resembled fine dimity, although not exactly of dimity weave. It had a fine stripe in it, the stripe being more opaque than the ground.

The skirt, fitted closely over the hips, was let into the band with very fine plaits which were stitched down to the widest point of the hip line. From that point the slight fullness fell in short folds, the skirt being gored enough to give ample width at the bottom, where twenty half inch tucks, just overlapping, ran round the skirt, making a firm finish and giving weight enough to drag the fullness down into straight folds.

The blouse was merely a shirtwaist plaited finely on the shoulders and down each side of a central front plait edged by tiny frills. The sleeves were plain, very moderate in size and finished by a flat

folded round the high crown, entirely covering it, and tied in a big, flat, broad bow across the front. These bonnets, as we had occasion to say last week in a discussion of midsummer millinery, are tremendously chic when correctly made and having just the right air, but are lamentable failures when they take on the homemade appearance of the old time bébé hat.

The crown of the new bonnet is totally different from that of the lingerie bébé model once so familiar, and the frills are softer and more drooping. In its more elaborate forms this bonnet is appropriate only with the long and dressy summer frock, but such simple versions of it as the one just described are suitable for morning wear with thin muslins.

Going back to our clubhouse bevy of summer girls, a third of the group had on a fine, sheer batiste of creamy tint through which ran a hairline stripe of cerise. This was made up with a short waist line running up sharply in the back, and the Empire skirt was finished at the bottom with tucks. A tightly draped girdle was of cerise batiste, with very small buttons covered in black satin set at the front and back.

A shaped arrangement of the cerise batiste bordered the gimpes of valenciennes and ran down on the shoulders in epaulet fashion, and there were little black buttons on this also, while around the top of the high collar, under a two inch frill of lace, was a very narrow cravat of black satin tying in a little bow in the front.

The fashion of the ruche and wide frill

such delectable summer morning frocks as these—frocks suitable for summer afternoon wear as well when dress parade and social functions are not the order of the day. And by merely substituting long skirt length for short many of these dainty, unpretentious models may serve for all informal evening wear.



SILK MOUSSELINE

The sheer barred, striped and dotted lawns, swisses, etc., in all white are much used for the morning shirtwaist or one piece frock, and as has been indicated, sheer white finely striped in color is favored. Ring dots of color on sheer white are liked too, and heavier materials such as fine



BLUE LINEN

chambray with white grounds and touches of color make up charmingly for morning wear.

A material of this kind in white barred off into half inch checks by hairlines of lavender made a pretty semi-princess frock, with buttons covered in plain lavender.



BLACK AND WHITE

der and embroidered in white and a very little real cluny insertion for trimming. Black and white are good too in the checks, stripes, etc.—that is, white grounds with fine lines of black.

The pink season has brought out charming frocks of white, striped or banded in rather heavy lines of pink; and some delightful frocks in plain pink linen, chambray, batiste, etc., relieved by white or yellowish cream, are included among the simple morning frocks of which we have



GREEN DE CHINE

CHILD STARTED THE BANK RUN

RUIN ALMOST THE RESULT OF A GIRL'S CAPRICE.

Paula Among the Scandinavian Depositors of a Minnesota Bank Once Caused by a Childish Desire for a Swiss Watch and Determination to Acquire One.

The wife of a New York banker told a story at a luncheon for women the other day of how when a little girl she had come close to ruining her father, a banker, through a childish caprice.

"My father and I lived in a Minnesota town of fifteen or twenty thousand inhabitants," she said. "My father was the leading banker of the town. The Danes and Swedes and Norwegians who cultivated the rich wheat lands by which the town was surrounded to a man deposited their savings with him.

"My mother had died when I was a baby. I was the only child. You may imagine how I was overindulged and spoiled. Absolutely everything that I indicated a desire for was mine. I mention these things in order to make clear my actions when my first demand upon my father was met only by a conditional promise.

"I was between ten and eleven years of age when it happened. A little girl friend of mine had been travelling in Europe with her people. Among the gifts which they purchased for her was a beautiful Swiss watch.

"I had never watched watch before, but as soon as I saw hers there seemed to be nothing in life that I desired so ardently. I could scarcely wait for my father to arrive home from the bank that evening before I began on him about the watch.

"Now in dealing with me as he did at this juncture my father's one idea, as he told me many years afterward, was to teach me a bit of a lesson on the iniquity of envy. He did not like the tone I employed in speaking of the other little girl's watch, and so for the first time he thwarted me.

"Frederika Janssen," my father said to me, "is a very industrious little girl. She helps her father. She puts the studs in his shirt and the sleeve links in his cuffs. She attends to the carrying out and the bringing in of his laundry linen. Her father, I presume, gave her the watch as a gift to reward her industry."

"There was a blow! My father—my own father—expected me to work for what he gave me, then!

"Some day," my father went on, "when you become industrious, like little Frederika, I shall get you the prettiest watch that ever came out of Switzerland."

"That was enough. I was outraged. Oh, I was expected to work, then? Very well. I became very haughty with my father—withdraw from his caressing arms at once, while he smiled wonderingly.

"I then, to my room to think it out. Well, then, if my father expected me to work, I could and would go to work in earnest. That would make my father sorry he had so spoken to me.

"Directly following my father's departure for the bank on the following morning I too left the house. I made straight for the leading dry goods store in the town. I would work as a cash girl for \$2 a week and save all of my money, and then I would buy a little enameled Swiss watch out of my earnings and I would show it to my father and he would be sorry. I had it all arranged.

"The proprietor of the dry goods store, a Norwegian, was a great friend of my father. He was a nice, agreeable man with a beard.

"Please, Mr. Nelson," I said to him, walking into his private office that morning in my little fur coat and carrying my little muff, "I want a situation."

"I never saw before or afterward so astonished seeming a man as he was for the first moment or so after my entrance.

"Situation? You—a situation, my child?" he rubbed his queer pompadour mass of hair and stared at me over his iron rimmed spectacles. Then, however, he laughed—laughed heartily.

"It is a whim," I heard him murmuring to himself. "A child's whim."

"Then to me."

"But, child, who told you that you were to seek a situation? Does your father know of it?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, simply, "my father told me last night that I would have to go to work."

"So, so, so," said Mr. Nelson, rather puzzledly. "Well, well! That is it, then? Your father told you you must work? Oh, so! Well, my dear, I can give you a situation, but the work is hard. Maybe you will not be able to stand it. You will have to work as a cash girl."

"Afterward the dry goods merchant told me that he had looked upon the matter as purely a child's fancy and that he had humored the fancy because he never felt like crossing children.

"And so I went to work.

"Many of the farmers had come to town in their wagons. Not a few of them came to the dry goods store to make purchases. They saw me and recognized me.

"The banker's daughter," I heard some

of the rough men whispering to each other, and then they talked with unusual rapidity for Scandinavians.

"They went out and brought other Scandinavian farmers back. I should say here that the Scandinavians in anything respecting money matters are the most suspicious people in the world. The word insolvency is the most deadly word in any language to their ears.

"The others whom the first arrivals brought back looked long and hard at me and there was more talk. Then some of the farmers' wives came in.

"You at work, little one?" one of the farmers' wives said to me. "How comes it? Does your father know it?"

"Yes," I replied, "my father told me last night that I must work."

"And that settled it. The word of my reply ran about the store like a little gas. Then a sudden hush descended upon the farmers and their wives clomped out of the dry goods store in a body.

"I was too young to understand the meaning of what happened. But the run upon my father's bank began within half an hour after I had begun to fit about the dry goods store in the capacity of cash girl.

"It was a serious affair. It was during the panicky times when Mr. Cleveland was seeping his second term as President. Many banks in the middle West had gone under. Several well known banks in Minnesota had been affected.

"Word that the bank was in trouble was carried for many miles into the country in all directions from the town, and the farmers who had not come in that day, taking alarm, mounted their fleetest horses and raced in to withdraw their money.

"The dry goods merchant who had unwittingly precipitated all of this disaster by yielding to my childish whim heard about the run soon after it began, and he instantly understood what had occasioned it. He telephoned to the bank, telling my father the circumstances. Then he told me that my father wanted me at the phone.

"You are to go home at once, child," was all my father said to me, and I was startled and worried over the hoarse tone. And so I went home.

"The run didn't stop the run. The dry goods merchant went over to the bank, mounted the bank steps and addressed the clamoring crowd of Scandinavians in their own tongue. He told them just how I had happened to be fitting about his store. This had some effect, but not a great deal. It happened that my father was short of ready cash. The bank was absolutely solvent, but not expecting any such run my father didn't have enough ready money to meet a prolonged run.

"So he had to charter an engine and rush to Minneapolis for banking aid. It was promptly extended, and he returned with several satchels filled with currency. The bank was kept open till nearly midnight paying off depositors who rode many miles to demand their money.

"But on the following morning the little local paper printed an exact account of the run and had been started publishing at the same time facts and figures that showed the bank's unquestionable solvency. And this, together with a renewal of confidence in my father on the part of the stronger men among the farmers, served to stop the run. But the bank had been in the gravest danger, on account of the difficulty at that time in realizing on the best securities, as my father told me when I was old enough to understand.

"I shall not forget my father's appearance when he came home at noon on the day following the beginning of the run. I had not seen him since the night he refused me the watch; he had not had time to get home at all on the previous day and had slept at the bank. His eyes were hollow. His features were drawn. He looked grayer, older, and he seemed to stoop more than I had ever noticed before.

"It hurt me, grown women as I was, when he lay down, to remember how old and sad he looked when he came home from the bank that noon hour. But I only vaguely understood the trouble I had caused at the time.

"He had no word of reproach—just stretched out wearily on the lounge in the sitting room and pulled me over to him and said:

"It's all right, little girl—trying to comfort me, you see, for I was crying over how sad he seemed. 'Nothing to worry about. Everything's all right. If the little mother had been spared, why, it wouldn't have happened—she'd have guided you,' and then in a flood of repentant tears I threw myself on him and lay with him there on the lounge for a long, long time.

"Somehow, I never seemed to care for a watch of any kind after that, and I have never worn or possessed one."

Blackbirds Objected to the Gay Hat.

Altoona correspondence Philadelphia Record. While walking in the suburban districts to-day with a friend Miss Nettie Williams of Pittsburgh was the object of an unusual attack. She wore a hat with a bird of brilliant plumage as an ornament. Suddenly her head became encircled by half a dozen blackbirds, which pecked at the bird in her hat, tearing out the bright colored feathers with their beaks.

The blackbirds even flew in her face and scattered the skin with which she was wearing the hat from her head. Miss Williams threw it on the ground. Her escort was obliged to use his coat to beat the birds off.

brothered in fine black soutache, and a pretty French model of green and white stripes. Batiste had a trimming of plain green soutache in white.

Stripes, while less chic in tail materials, hold their own fairly well among thinner stuffs, and even in lightweight woollens one finds some very attractive striped models. One of the models reproduced among the small cuts was a case in point, the material being a striped black and white wool with black and white checked border.

The clever way in which the stripe and border are used in the bodice, the touches of black, the waistcoat of Empire green and the collar, frill, jabot, long sleeves and deep sleeve flaps of plaited net combine in making this an extremely modish frock as well as an unusually pretty and practical one.

When one ventures into the province of the elaborate frock the variety and novelty of the models displayed is bewildering. The ultra modish things, as has been noted before, are the extravagantly clinging type—the Directorate, Greek, Renaissance ideas translated into modern Parisian.

There's no denying that these things are beautiful when artistically designed and as artistically worn, but it will be many a day before the ordinary dressmaker can cope with their problems. The two frocks of the large cut, for example, may have a deceptively simple air, but to cut them so that their lines will be successful demands skill of the rarest sort, and the same is true of a majority of the clinging models, whether draped or plain.

Certain features of these two frocks, however, are deserving of note and may be easily copied. The handling of the scarf, and girdle and sleeve on the first, is excellent and intelligible, and the arrangement of embroidered buttons on sleeves, tunic and girdle of the other model is also good.

SPOTTED AND PLAIN STUFF.

too with plain material soutache. A white muslin with a black dot, for example, was trimmed in bands of white linen em-



SPOTTED AND PLAIN STUFF.



TWO GRACEFUL EMPIRE FROCKS.

from Paris are in evidence here fashionable women are certainly making concessions. All this is apparent wherever the modish flock together and whether one studies the toilets of the early guests at seashore resorts, of the smart folk at country clubs and cottage colonies, or of the elaborately gowned few who still haunt New York restaurants and roof gardens one is forced to the conclusion that Directorate modes must be considered seriously and that they are quite likely to dominate autumn fashions instead of running their course during the summer season.

Parisians are delighted with their new fad and are revelling in variations upon the theme, while we, who are always months behind Paris in whole hearted acceptance of new modes, despite the courage and promptitude with which reporters give us opportunities of studying these modes, are not due to resign ourselves completely to the new ideas before the fall season.

The corset makers are doing their best to foster the new figure fad by suppression of redundant curves, and, indeed, it is said that in Paris the effort is a matter of self-preservation, since the advocates of the more extreme Directorate and Renaissance lines talk threateningly of the downfall of the corset and the return of antique figure lines. This threat need not, of course, seriously distress the corset making fra-

short skirt—a petticoat soft, noiseless unassertive, to be sure, but nevertheless a support for the skirt, holding it away from the ankles.

There are hosts of pretty, short skirted summer frocks wherever summer girls congregate. The lingerie blouse is still a favorite, and in combination with a skirt of white linen or pique is of great importance in the summer outfit, but despite this fact the most casual observer cannot but notice that the percentage of blouse and skirt and one piece morning frocks in thin muslins or men is greater than it has been in many a year. The smartest morning toilets on hotel or club or home veranda, boardwalk or casino terrace are of the princess, semi-princess or matching blouse and skirt variety, and the woman who has not provided herself with plenty of these little frocks in making up her hot weather wardrobe will watch with exasperation the immaculate summer girls who pass her clad in such attire.

The irritating part of the thing for her will be that a majority of the frocks most admirably chic will be of consummate simplicity, the sort of frocks that might readily be achieved by an ordinary seamstress, provided the idea and materials were supplied by a woman of taste and some good skirt and blouse patterns were called into service.

turned back cuff edged round by narrow plaited frills. An embroidered linen collar and little cravat of coral pink, a crush belt of coral pink leather, a plain coral pink parasol with a very long handle apparently woven from raffia, and a white sailor, round which were massed huge coral pink poppies, gave to the unpretentious toilet the Frenchest of airs.

Another frock was of dotted swiss in the finest possible dot. The skirt was trimmed at bottom with alternating lines of heavy German valenciennes and groups of tiny horizontal tucks, the whole trimming attaining a depth of about twelve or fifteen inches.

The blouse, united to the skirt by an inset waistband of valenciennes, was composed entirely of lines of valenciennes insertion alternating with groups of tiny tucks, the lines running vertically instead of horizontally as on the skirt. A high shaped close collar was of tucks and lace, with a wide frill of the lace at the top; the sleeves were short and small, with lace frills at the elbow, and the hat worn was a high crowned bonnet whose rather narrow brim was formed by three overlapping, drooping, plaited frills of valenciennes.

The flat top of the crown was also of valenciennes running round and round, the outermost row of lace falling in a plaited frill over the wide rose pink scarf which was

at the top of the high collar is gaining prestige here and is already well established in Paris. It is not, of course, universally becoming, but where it is becoming, as in the case of a woman with long, slender throat, it is charming, and some admirable effects are obtained with it.

Two of the other frocks represented in the veranda group have been sketched for this page. The first, evidently copied from a French model which was shown earlier in the season in a Fifth Avenue shop, was of sheer blue muslin, a lovely medium shade of the popular Copenhagen. Just what the material was we failed to decide, for it had the soft silky look of batiste, yet seemed to have more crispness than that material.

The construction of the tucked skirt and simple blouse will be understood from the sketch, but the smart note of the frock was the finish of neck and sleeves—a plaited frill of sheer soft white over a frill slightly wider of the blue.

The second frock, even more simple, was of linen with plain gored skirt buttoning down the middle front and plain blouse buttoning in front at an angle. One of the new collars of modified Eton shape finished neck, the ground being white with embroidery matching the frock linen in color. Knits matched the collar, and there was a knotted cravat of black.

One might go on indefinitely describing